

An Example for Others

IT is indeed refreshing to hear the rights of citizens defended from the bench.

The truth is that so many judges are merely the creatures of politics and finance that when one does come into public view who is at once versed in the fundamentals of our institutions and laws and fearless in maintaining them, the effect is startling. Instead of being the usual thing, a just and unafraid judge is a day's wonder.

In saying this we have in mind the instructions given to the September grand juries by Judge Mulqueen, of New York, in which he said:

"You know the old axiom: 'An Englishman's home is his castle.' What did that mean? It meant that every Englishman's home was a sacred place which could only be entered in the way prescribed by law, by invitation of an occupant, or in the King's name or in the regular way by lawful warrant for search or seizure.

"In modern times we are apt to forget those conditions. But that was one of the principles that the founders of our Government adhered to, that every man is sacred and safe in his home, secure from invasion except in the way prescribed by law.

"No man can say, 'I will go into that house because I suspect that something wrong is going on.' A judge must first issue a warrant, or a magistrate, and if that magistrate acts on improper and insufficient evidence he is held personally responsible.

"So if evidence is brought before you which has been secured by violation of the constitutional rights of the individual, ratified and affirmed by the constitution of this State and by our bill of rights, reject it."

That is all good law.

That is nothing but good law.

Judge Mulqueen should not stand alone. Every judge should stand with him.

It is a very bad symptom of civic and judicial degeneracy when a judge becomes prominent in public eye because he is honest, fearless and can intelligently lay down the simple fundamentals of our Bill of Rights.

Austria's Plight.

AUSTRIA is in as bad plight as is Russia, and would be worse if it had not been for help freely given by America and other nations.

As there is no Soviet Government in Austria, that particular form of government cannot be blamed for Austrian conditions. But if Austria did have a Soviet Government, we should certainly be told that all her misery was due to that cause.

The real truth, carefully covered up, is that Russian and Austrian miseries have both been caused by the same thing—economic blockade.

The blockade of Austria was automatically brought about by the senseless shattering of that ancient federal empire into fragmentary states which close their borders to one another.

The result was to bring hunger and suffering and despair upon Austria in exact proportion to the strictness of the military and naval blockade imposed upon the Russian people.

The only cure for Austria's wretchedness and for Russia's wretchedness is to remove the fatal restrictions put upon both by the stupidity of war-makers and treaty-makers. It is somewhat gratifying to know that the Hearst papers had sense enough to point out this self-evident truth to the so-called statesmen when they were committing their stupid crimes against common sense and reasonable foresight.

The Three Fratellinis

AFTER all, our human nature defies classification.

Good and evil break out in the most unexpected places.

The good deacon of sixty suddenly elopes with his stenographer of twenty, robs the trust funds and essays to dance the purple paths of dalliance with his rickety legs.

And the city thug performs prodigies of courage in the trenches and outdoes the saints in self-sacrifice.

Among the devotees of the most passionate creeds of brotherhood we discover amazing hardness of heart, while some ribald vagabond confounds us with his gentleness and humaneness.

It is to wonder!

Hence let us sing the praises of the three Fratellini brothers, clowns. Montmartre is supposed to be the lowest section of Paris.

There is the cafe of the Dead Rat, and the dance hall of the Red Mill and the Bohemian gathering place called, the Agile Rabbit.

There life begins at midnight and sleeps off its fumes during the hours of sunshine.

There the visitors from Oshkosh and Three Rivers go in conducted parties, that when they get back home they may boast of having seen the naughtiest spot in the world.

But there, as everywhere, live many human beings who are facing and solving the vexed problems of existence as sincerely as the ladies of the Chautauqua Circle in Erie, Pennsylvania.

And there a little girl was dying. Her mother loved her as fiercely as mothers love everywhere. The little home was dark with the approaching calamity. You who have never watched a little girl die, who have never seen the playful footsteps falter and the childish laughter drop to a feverish complaint, cannot understand.

The three clowns heard of this. The Fratellini brothers made the gaping crowds laugh by their antics. Their business was to cheer people up, in their way.

So they went to cheer up the little girl.

In the small room they cleared away the medicine bottles and danced. They made funny mouths, and said droll things. They fell absurdly. They slapped their sides. They wriggled and grimaced.

And the little girl was called back from her companion Death. She looked. She smiled. Then when one funny fellow plumped down as another pulled a chair from under him, she laughed.

"Mama, mama! Regarde! It is droll!" she cried, and clapped her thin hands.

So the Three Fratellinis toiled on and squeaked and tumbled.

And Death himself grew ashamed, and went away.

For the best part of the story is that the little girl got well.

The Three Fratellinis have gone to London with their "act."

Some day they're going to heaven, for surely there are many little children there, and who could amuse them better than the Three Fratellinis?

Stars and Stripes

Raffled.
Motorist—Why does your dog always bark so furiously at Ford?
Farmer—Oh, the boys tied a tin can to his tail one time.

To drink soda water with a foot on the hallowed brass rail is against the law in Wisconsin. Well, it ought to be.

When I make my lifetime exit,
When I go to meet my fate,
With my years of subway training
Get me through the Golden Gate?

During An Electric Storm.
Melville, catching a fire-fly, crushed it between his fingers. Exhibiting the insect to his mother, he said:
"Look ma, I broke its bulb."

Generous.
Dinah—Is yo' husband a good provider?
Mandy—Ah should say—why he provides me wit' work when other wives ain't got nothin' to do.

Paris is amazed at the way visiting Americans drink tea water. So are we.

THE HELPING HAND

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NO bones are broken but this victim of wild driving is badly hurt and his nerves are aching.

He needs a helping hand.

There is none so good as the Sales Tax.

THEY'RE HUMAN

BY William Atherton Du Puy

President Harding was, not long ago, receiving at the White House representatives of the florists' convention, then meeting in Washington. One member of the delegation introduced himself as Warren Gamaliel Mathews, a resident of Dayton, Ohio.

"You are the first man I have ever met who wore my middle name," said the President. "The original Gamaliel was a man wise in his time and worthy of emulation."

Whereupon I was curious to know more of the original Gamaliel, and here is what I found: He was a Pharisee, a member of the council, and Peter and John, the disciples, were under arrest for healing and the teaching of Jesus. And Gamaliel spoke in their behalf and secured their release. And among the things he said were these:

"And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

And I wondered if it had ever occurred to the President how aptly an advocate might turn the text of Gamaliel to fit a certain great problem that arose after the well known conference at Versailles.

When Rene Viviani, the French statesman, came to Washington, one of the men he was anxious to see was Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, defender of the League of Nations. It just happened, however, that the Senator was at his home in Omaha.

So the Frenchman sent him a telegram asking how he might see him. It was transmitted to Omaha, and when the telegraph operator at that end of the line took it and transcribed the signature he concluded that there must have been some garbling in the process of transmission. Surely "Rene Viviani" could not be right. He would use the telegrapher's intuition and get this name as it should be. So he took the "i" off the end and put it on the front and there he had it, "Irene Viviani."

It is intimated, not illogically, that there was difficulty in the bosom of the Hitchcock family before this person who wanted to make a date with the statesman was finally isolated and sex determined.

There is a big eight-story building down by the railway station occupied by a roundish, plumpish, blondish gentleman named William S. Elliott and a corps of clerks as busy as bees. He is called the "Register of the Treasury." If you have ever clipped the coupon on a Liberty loan bond or any other Government security you have done business with him. Every such coupon so clipped is setting sail for this one building. There if a cute little boy for it read prepared just back of a certain card in a certain file. Altogether there is a clothes basket of these coupons delivered here every day and none of them ever seeks any other haven.

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Once-Overs

Copyright, 1921, International Feature Service, Inc. CONSIDER YOUR PASSENGERS. BY J. J. MUNDY.

Mr. Car Driver, think of the person in the rear seat.

Those in the back seat are subjected to the most discomfort when the machine passed rapidly over bumps.

The fact that you are in front and have your mind occupied and have something to which to hold yourself should not make you forget those who are riding behind.

It is no pleasure to be tossed from side to side, to be jerked backward and forward and up and down by fits and starts.

You are not doing a favor to those who sit back of you, who are supposed to be your guests, since you are driving. If you go at such a reckless speed that they fear that some accident may occur at any moment.

Be sensible in your driving.

Mr. B. Baer

PROGRESS.

CONGRATULATORY complaints from Paris buzz us that women are to be stylish slacksers next season. Gentlemen cowards hid behind ladies skirts during war.

NOW women are going to hide behind ladies' skirts. Again.

OFFICIAL statistics insist that short skirt is out like Democratic party. Parade of silk covered toothpicks on Fifth avenue is no more. Girls will dress hereafter as if they were going promenading—and not wading.

LUMPY knees, razor shins, universal ankles will step into obscurity beneath long skirts. Fashion put brakes on just in time. Only place you could find modesty was in old-fashioned dictionary.

HENNA bug made women buy artificial wigs. Complexion microbe caused 'em to wear artificial faces. If skirts got any shorter they'd been wearing artificial limbs.

WOMEN'S dresses have been on casualty list for ten years. Fashion surgeons kept amputating inch by inch until there wasn't enough material left to sew patch on. Tide has turned. Gowns will reach from ankle to Adams apple. Fashionable dowager will look like potato in bur-lap bag.

NO more conventions of Lady Godivas on parade. It will take time for so-prance troussseau to achieve normal length. But everything should be modest and orthodox around 1924, providing reformers get even break.

THIS Winter skirts will be one-fifth inch longer. Ain't much. But it's something, as hungry mule said when he found one oat. By next Summer, they should be two-fifths inch nearer our free and untrammelled soil.

AFTER that, panic will be on. Skirts will stampede fraction by fraction, until next century should see women's dresses exactly as they were in 1432. That's progress.

Visitor—Why is the crowd watching that building going up? I don't see anything exciting about it.
New Yorker—Oh, the men on it are working.

Before he marries the average man has a lot of ideas about matrimony. After he has a lot more.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office. BY K. C. B.

LADDIE BOY.

WHITE HOUSE Kennels.

MY DEAR Laddie.

I'M WRITING you.

ABOUT YOUR sister.

TIP TOP Tatters.

WHO LIVES at the home.

OF MARK

A. Luescher.

FOR I surmise.

SHE'S BEEN so busy.

SHE HASN'T had time.

TO SEND you word.

THAT THE other day.

A STORK dropped in.

AND LEFT with her.

AN ENTIRE family.

OF SEVEN pups.

AND ONE of them.

HAS ACCEPTED

FOR ITS foster dad.

me.

AND IS going to be mine.

WHEN IT'S big enough.

TO LEAVE its home.

AND ANYWAY.

THAT MAKES us cousins.

OR I'M your uncle.

OR THE President's brother.

OR WHATEVER it is.

AND I'M writing you.

TO ASK of you.

THAT THE very next time.

YOU GO for a stroll.

WITH YOUR White House master.

YOU SAY to him.

YOU'VE JUST had word.

YOU'VE BECOME an uncle.

TO SEVEN pups.

AND THAT one of them.

WILL MAKE its home.

WITH A friend of yours.

AND THAT this friend.

HAD ASKED of you.

YOU ASK your master.

TO SELECT a name.

FOR YOUR friend's pup.

AND I know he's busy.

AND HAS lots to do.

BUT NOW it's happened.

THAT I'M his relative.

THROUGH TIP Top Tatters.

I HAD an idea.

HE WOULDN'T mind.

AND I nearly forgot.

BE SURE and tell him.

IT'S A little boy pup.

I THANK you.

Unjust Pay Reductions in the Navy Yard

By BILL PRICE.

The employees of the Washington Navy Yard have gathered most convincing facts and data to show that the reductions in pay in that establishment are not in keeping with the standard of living that the United States, their employer, should encourage.

It may be wise that the Government join private employers in bringing wages to the level of the cost of living, but at no time and nowhere should the United States Government take the lead in forcing the wages of its workers down to a point below a decent standard of living. As the largest employer of labor in this country, the Federal Government should be the leader in insisting that American citizens shall be paid a **LIVING WAGE**. And such a wage is one that will give an American mechanic, technical or clerical worker, his wife and children, some of the comforts that go to make life bearable and enjoyable.

One branch of our Government is busy collecting facts of the cost of living; the decrease or increase in all the elements that go to make that cost; the sum that is yearly required to maintain a worker and his small family in decent conditions, while another branch absolutely ignores these facts and findings and slashes wages to a point below the standard of decency.

Navy Yard employees have done well in taking the matter direct to President HARDING. He will doubtless place it before his Cabinet and render a just decision.

There seems to be no dispute as to the facts. On June 30 last the weekly pay to the five basic trades in the Washington yard was \$41.14. This included the bonus, which ended July 1. On September 16, with the five-day week in effect, it will be \$29.20 per week.

June 30 the pay for workers in these trades was 93 cents per hour. It now drops to 73 cents per hour. Compared with the pay of the same classes of workers in private employment, the decrease is radical. It is shown that machinists in the vicinity of Washington are being paid at least 95 cents per hour by employers, while in practically all the large cities the average pay for machinists is 89 cents per hour.

It is admitted that this average pay may decline somewhat within another year, but there is little probability that it will drop to anything like the scale established by the wage board of the Navy Department, and approved by Secretary DENBY.

The statistical branch of the Government finds that the cost of living is today about 80 per cent above pre-war prices, which had begun to press heavily upon the general public. The schedule of pay now fixed in the Navy Yard is an increase of only 45 per cent above pre-war days.

If one department of Uncle Sam finds what is a weekly pay sufficient for an American worker and his family to live on, then the other departments of the same Government ought to be willing to pay somewhere near that figure.

Concerning Motor Trucks

MAYOR HYLAN, of New York city, suggests wisely regulation of motor trucks in cities.

The pavements will hold only a certain weight, therefore the weight of the load and the width of wheels must be regulated. A heavier load could be carried by the use of trailers which double the value of the truck.

The width of the load of a truck should be regulated for city streets. The spaces between the sides of street cars and the curb are based on average width of vehicles. Loads projecting too far on either side obstruct traffic and call for regulation.

In a heavily loaded truck speed must be regulated, of course. It can be done easily by a mechanical device without interfering with power. And speed should be regulated in accordance with weight of the load carried. The one-ton load with proper brakes on the truck can be stopped within a few feet. A truck carrying five tons or even more in the crowded street should be strictly limited in speed for the public protection.

The motor truck is the greatest modern blessing to business, manufacture and industry.

It has done more for the horse, more to stop suffering, than all "cruelty to animals" societies combined. It made it possible to increase the pay of men by doubling and quadrupling the value of the driver's hours.

Any unwise restriction that would hamper the use or the construction of automobile trucks would be damaging to the entire community.

Wise regulation, on the other hand, protecting life, extending and encouraging the use of the automobile truck, will benefit all of those concerned.